

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense.  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." — *Couper.*

Vol. 8.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1875.

No. 4.

## Our Dumb Animals.

Published on the first Tuesday of each Month

BY THE

*Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.*

TERMS:

\$1.00 per annum, in advance. Postage FREE to all parts of the United States.

All Articles for the paper, and subscriptions, may be sent to the Secretary.

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Active Life, . . . . .	\$100 00	Associate Annual, . . . . .	\$5 00
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The Grand Secret.  
*From the Persian of Zoroaster.*

God brought the animals to Gilshadeng, and made them subject to him; and he divided them into seven classes. And when seven sages were with the prince, there came seven kings from the animal kingdom, soliciting redress from the tyranny of mankind.

The wise camel said, "O prophet of God! in what consists the superiority of man over us?"

The sage Huristeh said, "There are many proofs of man's superiority over animals; one of them is speech."

The camel answered, "If the object of speech be to make the hearer understand, animals possess it."

Huristeh said, "The speech of man is alone intelligible."

The camel replied, "Because thou dost not understand the language of animals, dost thou imagine it unintelligible? The inhabitants of the West understand not them of the East."

Huristeh said, "You have been ordained for our service."

The camel answered, "And you also have been ordained to bring us water and grain and grass."

The sage said nothing in answer.

Then the sage ant came forward and said, "O prophet! wherein consisteth the surpassing excellence of man above animals?"

The sage, Shásar, hastily answered, "In the excellence of his shape and upright deportment."

The ant replied, "The intelligent do not pride themselves on shape, and yet we are all on a level in regard to the combinations of the members of our body. And even you, when you would praise any beautiful person, describe her as stag-eyed, as having the gait of a partridge, or a peacock's waist, whence it may be understood that the superiority is ours."

To this Shásar returned no answer.

Next, the knowing fox, taking up the speech, said, "What superiority in arts doth man possess?"

The wise Jemshid answered, "The superiority of man consisteth in the good dress and the agreeable food and drink which they have always had."

The wise fox said, "In former times your clothes were of wool and hair and skins of animals, and still are so. And your sweetest food is supplied by the bee. With animals, all that requireth to be covered is covered naturally."

Jemshid replied, "It ill becometh you to join in this controversy, you who cruelly tear each other to pieces."

The fox rejoined, "We have learned this practice from you, for Jilmis slew Tilmis. Moreover, ravenous animals live on flesh, but men slay each other without necessity."

Jemshid returned no answer.

Next, the sagacious spider, coming forward, said, "Wherein consisteth the superior excellence of man?"

The sage, Simrásh, said, "Men understand the arts."

The spider answered, "Animals exceed men in these; knowest thou not that crawling things and insects build triangular and square houses without wood or brick? Behold my work, how, without loom, I weave fine cloth."

Simrásh replied, "Man can write and express his thoughts on paper."

The spider said, "Animals do not transfer the secrets of God from a living heart to a lifeless body."

Simrásh hung down his head from shame.

The tortoise next advanced, saying, "What proof is there of the superiority of man?"

The sage, Shálih-herta, said, "Kings and ministers and generals and physicians and astronomers afford proof of man's superiority."

The tortoise said, "Animals, too, possess the classes that you have mentioned. Observe the sovereignty of the bee and of the ant in their kind, and attend to the viziership of the fox; and recollect the generalship of the elephant; and the cock is an astronomer, who knoweth right well the time of the day and night."

Shálih-herta remained silent.

Next, the peacock, sailing in, said, "What proof is there of man's superior dignity?"

The wise vizier, Vizlür, said, "Mankind possess the faculty of judgment and discrimination."

The peacock answered, "If, during the darkness of a single night, a hundred sheep have young, each knoweth its lamb, and each lamb knoweth its mother, and turns to its mother; and this kind of instinct mankind do not possess."

Vizlür then said, "Men are brave."

The peacock answered, "They are not bolder than the lion."

Vizlür had nothing to reply.

Next, the húmá, advancing, said, "Where is the sage who will afford me proof of man's superiority?"

The sage, Mezdam-hertaiendeh, said, "One superiority of man consisteth in knowledge, as by means of it he ascendeth from a low to an exalted station."

The húmá replied, "By knowledge animals distinguish good plants from poison."

The sage said, "Knowledge has a root and a branch; you have the branch, but the root consisteth in the sayings of the prophet, which belong to man alone."

The húmá said, "Among animals each tribe hath its customs, and in like manner, as among you, prophets reveal their prophecies; among us there are counsellors, one of whom is the bee."

The sage said, "The heart of man attaineth self-possession, and effecteth a union with the soul, and, by means of knowledge, is elevated to the glorious nature of the angels."

The húmá said, "We animals likewise become tame."

The sage replied, "It is true, yet your perfection consisteth in attaining only a single one of the qualities of man, while man's perfection consisteth in attaining the nature of disembodied spirits."

The humā said, "True; yet, in spite of this, in his putting to death of animals, and similar acts, man resemblēth the beasts of prey, and not angels."

The Prophet of the World then said, "We deem it sinful to kill harmless, but right to slay ravenous, animals. Were all ravenous animals to enter into a compact not to kill harmless animals, we would abstain from slaying them, and hold them dear as ourselves."

Upon this the wolf made a treaty with the ram, and the lion became the friend of the stag, and no tyranny was left in the world, till man (Dehak) broke the treaty, and began to kill animals. In consequence of this nobody observed the treaty, except the harmless animals.

This is the dialogue that passed concerning the grand secret.—*Conway's Sacred Anthology.*

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*Cattle Transportation.*

At this sultry season the poor animals—beef-cattle, sheep and hogs—suffer more than at any other period of the year. The stock shipped from Chicago and other points of the West for the New England States, are generally four days on the road, or say about one hundred hours, and are packed into the cars as closely as the cupidity of the owners may suggest. The more they cram into a car, the less the cost of transportation per head.

Of course, these cattle are transhipped at two points, Buffalo and Albany, N. Y., where they are fed and watered, and allowed a little rest. But in this transhipment they are goaded with sharp iron rods, clubs and whips, wielded by men of the lowest type of humanity, who have no more compassion for the poor frightened beasts than would the wild men of the desert. Consequently, from rough handling, fright, thirst and hunger, more or less of these Western beef-cattle become fevered, diseased and frantic. And hence the necessity of the agents of our humane societies in watching the stock-trains, to see that these animals are properly cared for. In their struggles and contentions in the cars, many get thrown down, and are then gored and trampled upon by their companions in the journey from the Western prairies to the New England slaughter-houses.

Alas! these are fine, noble steers from the far prairies of the South-west and West,—cattle that were the pride of the stock-raisers of the Mississippi Valley; and when started for the Eastern markets were as sleek and plump, and as docile as any farm pets in New England. But the long journey, ill-usage, starvation and want of water make them look gaunt, wild and woe-begone. And when some of these more powerful and combative cattle are finally unloaded from their fifteen hundred miles of imprisonment, what wonder that they "go for" some person whom they imagine to be their jailer or tormentor? We don't blame them; they have been driven to madness by ill-treatment, by fatigue, hunger and thirst while on their dreary journey from the rich alluvial valleys of the West to the abattoirs and slaughter-houses of New England.

It has been held by physicians and sanitary agents, that many of the beef-cattle, hogs and sheep transported from the far West are totally unfit for food if butchered immediately after their arrival in our seaboard towns and cities. They are then in a fevered, exhausted or delirious state, and are necessarily out of health and wholly unfit for the shambles. And yet we are informed that a majority are butchered soon after their arrival, and sold as first-class beef, pork and mutton. . . . "The still, sad music of humanity" demands that we should treat all dumb animals with kindness, and especially those which contribute so largely to the food supply of our peoples.—*Woonsocket (R. I.) Patriot.*

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WE sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up on the morrow.

*The Death of Faithful Rover.*

SIMPLY A DOG.

BY L. E. DIEKENGA.

The children are dreary and sad to-day,  
And some of them are crying;  
Their little long faces are wet with tears,  
For Rover—old Rover—is dying.  
They call him pet names and stroke his long hair,  
They whistle and chirrup together,  
But the kind old playmate is with them there  
For the last, last time, forever.

He opens a moment his wistful eyes;  
They see it and call him, "Rover";  
A faint, low whine, and he tries to rise,  
And then—poor fellow—it's over.  
And never again through the tangled wood,  
The bees and wild birds chasing,  
Shall the old dog scatter the partridge brood,  
Or bound with the children racing.

They call him again, again and again,  
They raise his head and shake him;  
Their little hearts break, but all in vain,  
They never more shall wake him.  
No more through the copse and the underbrush  
Shall he leap, the hare pursuing;  
No more will he bark at the tender thrush,  
Or bay when the storm is brewing.

They will miss the old dog with his honest face,  
And his tail so briskly wagging,  
And their summer days will have lost their grace,  
And their daily plays go lagging.  
They will miss him, away from the old house-door,  
And the yard will look drear without him,  
And those merriest days will come no more  
When the children were all about him:

When, patient and plodding, he bore them all  
With never a growl of warning;  
And trod so gently that none might fall,  
And guarded them night and morning;  
And when the little ones sank to rest,  
Asleep on the grass and clover,  
They nestled their heads on the shaggy breast  
Of faithful, dear old Rover.

And so the children are dreary and sad,  
And all of them now are crying:  
Their little long faces are wet with tears  
Where Rover—old Rover—is lying.  
They make him a grave in the hillside fair,  
Where they may forget him never;  
Then cover him gently and leave him there  
In his peaceful rest forever.

In after years, when their hair is gray,  
The children will still remember  
How they buried their friend that sad, sad day,  
In the beautiful month, September;  
And marvelling much why that childish love  
So long in their hearts has striven,  
Will hope they may meet—why should it not prove—  
Good old dog Rover in heaven.

—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

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MR. HERMANN A. LANG, a Worcester florist, has a dog, concerning which the "Gazette" tells this story: "It is only a year old, and of the Prince Edward Island breed, and is the constant companion of Mr. Lang's boy, four years of age. Not long since the boy got possession of a hatchet which he had been forbidden to touch, and went about hacking things generally, and endangering his own legs. After watching him a short time the dog approached, took the hatchet away from the boy, carried it into the garden and buried it; and when the child attempted to dig it up the dog drove him off and lay down over the buried hatchet, effectually preventing the boy from recovering it."

*Cats Left Behind in Summer.*

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, in reading of the recent floods in France, noticed the following paragraph, with reference to a poor man whose house was flooded:—

"With commendable presence of mind, when he found the water rising, he first got his wife and children up stairs, then rescued his dog and two cats."

She then goes on to say, in an article in the "London Telegraph":—

"This simple story induces me to ask a little corner in your paper, as it has given the last impulse to representations made to me on behalf of 'the harmless, necessary cat.' I have been asked to endeavor, if possible, to obtain for this animal some portion of that protection which public opinion can always command. The cat's case at the end of the London season is one of much distress, for while the dogs of the family accompany their owners, the cats are left uncared for, unthought of, and, shocking to relate, often locked up and unable to get away. A very benevolent lady, well known to me, who was detained late in London last autumn, was so pained by the condition of some of these animals in the streets near her house, that she collected a good many and distributed them among friends. I believe the police could bear witness to the great sufferings these creatures must undergo, and I am aware that the subject has often been under the notice of the secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but hitherto nothing has been done in remedy. I am not disposed to advocate a cat's home, unless, indeed, the idea of one would thereby induce people to take more care of their cats. I am, however, inclined to think that cruelty arises, as a rule, either from want of consideration or from ignorance, and, in regard to the ease in question, I feel assured, when people contrast their own cold-blooded neglect of their cats with the conduct of the laboring-man, who, after his first fond thought for his wife and children, thinks next of the humble companions of his hearth, and carries his dog and two cats to an upper room for safety, they will not lock their house door and leave the pretty cat who has moused for them during the season, and perchance amused many an idle moment, to wander about without food, timidly shrinking within itself in fear, suffering and hunger. If these few lines can but arouse in the minds of those who are enjoying themselves in the country, or by the seaside, a remembrance of the miserable fate to which they have condemned these poor little beasts, I think the number of the people who neglect their cats would sensibly diminish. If a poor working-man, in the flurry and hurry of moment of unexpected danger to himself and those dear to him, could recollect his dogs and cats, and feel their lives to be valuable in their way, surely the family moving leisurely from one comfortable house to another, with plenty to eat in both, might give a thought to the living creature left behind, might give some directions for its keep, and recollect that it needs food, whether they are in or out of the house, and that it feels the pangs of hunger and all that unites man to animal life as keenly as they do. It would be but common humanity to bestow on their cats that touch of pity which makes all men kin, and which we must hope will not be denied by the higher to the lower intelligence at men's own hour of need."

EDWIN FOREST had a peculiar fondness for dogs. As you ascended the main stairway of his residence in Philadelphia, you faced on the first landing the painting of the "Dog of Montargis," which he habitually characterized to his visitors as a portrait of the best friend he ever had in the world—the friend which had followed him in the varying and trying fortunes of his early life, and more than once played with him on the boards of the Western towns when he acted the character in that now almost-forgotten melodrama.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

*"Tom," the Parrot—A Rejoinder.*

In the last number of "Our Dumb Animals," your correspondent "H. M. R." in "a reply to 'G.'" declares that "G." was made "very uneasy at the supposed cruel and neglectful treatment of Tom, the parrot." Being an avowed lover of all the animal kingdom, I willingly confess to experiencing often great "uneasiness" whenever I see or hear of any creatures whom I have reason to think do not receive the care and attention to which I believe they are fully entitled, and I make it a rule to do or say something which I think may improve their condition; and my efforts are often attended with very satisfactory results.

As the writer in the "Ark" spoke of "Tom's" persistency in plucking off his feathers, which certainly indicated an unhealthy condition, and as no remarks were added to induce one to suppose he was so kindly cared for as the reply furnishes, readers unacquainted with these facts would, of course, draw their own inferences. I am most happy to hear "Tom" was so tenderly treated, which must have been a great alleviation to his certainly uncomfortable physical state, which even the "bird-doctor" failed to cure. This reminds me what I had previously forgotten to say, that many parrots, if allowed animal food, will exhibit this propensity to strip themselves of their feathers, through "nervous irritation." I am a skeptic as to their being "born so."

The suggestion as to cages and perches was intended for the benefit of parrots in general, though I am pleased to hear "Tom" was so well provided for in this respect, particularly gratified to hear he was permitted "freedom from his cage," a privilege I wish was more generally allowed.

In these days, when self-depreciation is so little known, "Tom" must have been remarkable for great development of the bump of conscientiousness, to have applied to himself an epithet so little complimentary, especially as parrots are inclined to over-commend themselves; but as he *confessed* so freely, it seems no more than fair he should have received *absolution* and forgiveness; and when "H. M. R." denounced him as "rascally, because he picked off all his feathers," the expression, it is to be presumed, was used half-jocosely, as was the phrase quoted "insult to injury."

That "Tom's" owner, who, I am happy to hear, was so much attached to him, may "expect to see 'Tom' again in an unruffled coat of gray," is an idea which all real lovers of pets would like to entertain; an idea that is advancing, has many able advocates, and may at least have an effect to make people feel a greater responsibility and interest in all dependent creatures.

G.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

*Cats.*

Injustice to cats, about whom so much complaint is made in regard to the killing of chickens, let me say, that the probable reason why cats destroy chickens is, that their owners neglect to feed them properly. Cats are great eaters, and should be fed regularly, and have good meat diet; bread and milk is not sufficient for a grown cat. Cats are natural hunters, and feeding does not prevent them catching rats and mice. I have just returned from a country hotel where were four cats and nine kittens, going in and out of house and barn at their pleasure, and playing on the grounds where hens and chickens of different ages and sizes roamed among them without inconvenience or fear. Some one expressed surprise, at which the lady of the house said, "Oh, our cats never touch the chickens; they always have enough to eat."

L. B. U.

KIND words are the bright flowers of earth's existence; use them, and especially around the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price, and powerful to heal the wounded heart and make the weighed-down spirit glad.

[Cherries.]

Under the tree the farmer said,  
Smiling and shaking his wise old head :  
" Cherries are ripe ! but then, you know,  
There's grass to cut and the corn to hoe ;  
We can gather the cherries any day,  
But when the sun shines we must make our hay ;  
To-night, when the chores have all been done,  
We'll muster the boys for fruit and fun."

Up in the tree a robin said,  
Perking and cocking his saucy head :  
" Cherries are ripe ! and so, to-day,  
We'll gather them while you make the hay ;  
For we are the boys with no corn to hoe,  
No cows to milk, and no grass to mow."  
At night the farmer said : " Here's a trick !  
Those roguish robins have had their pick."

*St. Nicholas Magazine.*

And why shouldn't they ? But for them there would have been more insects and fewer cherries.

—[ED.]

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

*Carlo on Guard.*

In 1830 (how long ago it seems!) I received a Newfoundland dog of Dr. Harwood, dentist, named "Carlo." He was a fine watch-dog. When I was about to embark for China, I put him on board of my ship, then lying in the stream, and came home to Milton. Carlo kept so good a watch that night, that he allowed no one to show his nose above deck. He assumed command. When I went on board the next day, although I had owned him but a few days, he allowed me to go on deck, and was very glad to see me. The mate came forth, saying that Carlo had kept them all below decks.

We sailed, and Carlo gave unmistakable evidence of dislike to the mate; but he followed me about, and whenever any man ran aft to heave the log, or to relieve the wheel, he watched him closely. When about three weeks at sea, I gave up the command to Captain Augustine Heard, and from that moment Carlo acknowledged only him as master. He took up his quarters near where Captain H. slept on a settee, in the deck-house, and would allow no one to come in. He hated the mate, and the mate hated and feared him. Carlo's bark was worse than the bite of most dogs; his voice was terrible. If any one had dared to put hands on the Captain, he would have torn him into shreds. By and by Carlo became suddenly ill, and in spite of good care, he died. No one suspected foul play, and therefore his body was committed to the deep without examination.

After a long time I heard that the mate had given him pounded glass mixed with his food, and this had made an end of poor Carlo.

I never saw the cruel, cowardly mate again, and I am glad of it.

R. B. F.

One shelter'd hare

Has never heard the sanguinary yell  
Of cruel man, exulting in her woes :  
Innocent partner of my peaceful home,  
Whom ten long years' experience of my care  
Has made at last familiar. She has lost  
Much of her vigilant, instinctive dread,  
Not needful here, beneath a roof like mine.  
Yes, thou may'st eat thy bread, and lick the hand  
That feeds thee; thou may'st frolic on the floor  
At evening, and at night retire secure  
To thy straw couch, and slumber unalarmed.  
For I have gain'd thy confidence; have pledged  
All that is human in me, to protect  
Thine unsuspecting gratitude and love.  
If I survive thee, I will dig thy grave,  
And when I place thee in it, sighing, say,  
I knew at least one hare that had a friend.

*Couper's Task.*

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

*The Rainbow.*

A TOKEN OF THE COVENANT OF MERCY.

How many (if any) of us, when gazing on the rainbow, remember that *all* the creatures on our earth are included in the covenant of mercy, of which this beautiful bow is the token?

For myself, this question gave me new thoughts. It came first as I was reading the 9th chapter of Genesis, from the beginning of the 8th to the end of the 17th verses. I was surprised that never before had I seen the care God there shows for "the fowl, the cattle and every beast of the earth." I had until then thought of God's care of the lower creatures as being merely a general oversight, as for example in the 104th Psalm we read, "The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God." When beholding "His bow in the cloud," I had thought only of his creature man, but now I saw clearly that by this sign God had entered into solemn covenant with all his creatures on the earth, even though man alone could know that this sign had been given.

"And God said, this is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you, and every living creature which is with you, for perpetual generations. I do set my bow in the cloud." "And the bow shall be in the cloud; and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth."

I hope some of your readers may find something of interest in this idea. It has occurred to me, that "The bow in the cloud," and under it one of these verses from Genesis, would be an excellent design for any new society connected with this work.

E. M. G.

PHILADELPHIA, August, 1875.

♦♦♦

*Christian and Mohammedan.*

Can we now trace the causes of this lamentable conduct? Why is Christendom worse in this matter than Turkey or India? In so far as the Eastern countries are better, it is because their religious sentiment shelters animals. A Turk, for instance, will not kill a wild creature for mere sport. He says, "God gave it life: I will not take from it what I cannot give." If the animal is dangerous, or is needed for food or clothing, he has no scruple against killing it; but even to drown a kitten, lest cats be too numerous, he disapproves. This scruple inconveniently fills Turkish towns with wild and famished cats, but not the less exhibits to us the zeal and sincere difference of Mussulman sentiment from ours. Birds, it is said, are permitted to take their share of cargoes of corn on the Nile by Mohammedan owners, who think it impious to drive them away. If this be a superstition, it is more amiable than our practice, nor must we make sure that it is a very costly sentiment. The late eccentric Charles Waterton, who would not allow a gun to be fired on his estate, and made friends of all the birds, falsified the predictions of his neighbors by the excellence of his crops. It is now recognized that birds are very serviceable to the cultivator by the destruction of grubs, and as Mohammedans do not kill small hawks and weasels any more than sparrows, these predatory species keep the balance of Nature in the fields. If man leaves the butchering to those tribes to whom it is natural,—who do it more effectually and with less cruelty than he can,—he gains in tenderness of sentiment towards the humbler creatures. Christendom seems in this matter to fall below the Eastern nations, through want of reverence for brute life. Ancient men, in civilized countries, made it a part of religion to take no animal life without recognition of God as its source. Slaughter was turned into sacrifice. Though plentiful superstition encrusted the primitive idea, a reverence for brute life was in some nations retained in connection with it.—Prof. F. W. Newman.

## Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, September, 1875.

## Agents! Look out for Peddlers.

In all parts of the State there is a class of men—peddlers of fish, wood and fruit, and collectors of grease, rags and junk—who drive very poor, worn-out, galled or lame horses. They are sometimes poor men, and they claim that they cannot afford to buy better horses. Sometimes this is doubtless true, and sometimes not; but whether or not, it does not lessen the suffering of the animal. *Our duty is to the animal;* and other humane organizations, or the public authorities, should relieve the necessities of the man. We desire to be *reasonable* in our investigations and complaints; but, in our sympathy and pity for the biped, we must not overlook the rights or hesitate to stop the abuse of the quadruped.

Therefore, we especially call the attention of our agents to this class of men, and trust they will correct the existing evil.

THE abuse of check-reins still continues, because it is the fashion. Gentlemen and ladies should look at their coach-horses, and see how they suffer. Let horse-owners take off their check-reins, and see if any evil follows.

## Cruel Transportation.

Our correspondent at Pittsburg says that the railroad companies run stock-trains from Chicago to Pittsburg, occupying two days and a half, without giving the cattle food, water or rest. This is shameful.

## The Kentucky Society Dead.

A letter from Louisville states that "The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was abandoned a year ago, for want of proper support."

Are there no humane men or women in Kentucky who will revive this society, and persevere and work, and say, "There is no such word as fail"? If we can help, call upon us. "It will never do to give it up so."

## Keepsake.

Some friend remitted us a small sum of money at the time of our fair, and requested a token to be sent. The address was lost. We have once before called attention to it, but got no response, so we allude to it again.

## Cruelty by Blacksmiths.

Complaint has been made that many blacksmiths are accustomed, when shoeing horses, if they happen to be uneasy and move about too much, to strike them with a hammer, or file, or buttress, seeming to forget that the animal is in an uncomfortable position, and annoyed by flies.

If owners of horses would inquire into this matter, the evil could be easily corrected.

BRICK-YARDS are very apt to have overworked horses, and horses badly galled. Will our agents please investigate in their vicinity?

## Nails in the Street.

A correspondent calls our attention to the carelessness of parties who are carting or carrying the boards and laths from old buildings when torn down. These are scattered in the streets, and often have nails remaining in them, by which horses may be ruined.

We have appealed to the chief of the police to instruct his force to take notice of the matter.

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Promotion.

We are always sorry to lose efficient agents, but when one of them is promoted to a higher office, we must congratulate him. Such is the case with Moses H. Pease, Esq., of Lee, who has been appointed judge of the police court there, and who, we doubt not, will make as good a judge as agent. We are certain that his experience, in our interest, has helped to give to him a knowledge of one branch of criminal business, which some judges do not fully appreciate.

♦♦♦  
The Royal Commission on Vivisection.

The English Parliament has directed a commission to be appointed to investigate the practice of vivisection, about which much interest is felt all over the civilized world at the present time. The July number of the "Animal World" contains the following:—

The names of the commissioners gazetted are as follows:—Lord Cardwell, president; Lord Wimmarleigh (formerly Col. Wilson Patten), the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, Sir J. B. Karslake, Mr. Huxley, Mr. J. E. Erichsen, and Mr. R. H. Hutton. The president and Mr. Forster are vice-presidents of the R. S. P. C. A.; Professor Huxley and Mr. Erichsen represent physiologists; Mr. Hutton was the leading member of the deputation who presented the memorial to the society; Sir John Karslake is an eminent lawyer, and Lord Wimmarleigh may be said to represent the army and country gentlemen. We are sorry the church has not sent a delegate, for the presence of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol would have been of much service, especially as the inquiry cannot be circumscribed by considerations of utility, but must extend to moral ethics and religious principles.

♦♦♦  
Caution to Agents.

Every agent is requested to read the printed indorsement on his commission. We cannot be responsible for the acts of agents who deviate from those instructions. If any one is in doubt about their meaning, write to our office at once for an explanation.

We regret to repeat these cautions, but it becomes necessary to protect ourselves from claims for damages.

THE societies for the prevention of cruelty to dumb animals have done a work with which those who have supported them have good reason to be satisfied. They have done something more than strengthen public opinion—they may be said to have created a public sentiment on this question. They have secured the enactment of laws, and employed officers to see that they are enforced. To them must be credited many humane provisions to prevent suffering, and man has been made better and more noble by being taught first his duty to the animals of which he had a care. Their good work is not finished, though their influence will long be exerted even if their labors shall cease, which is not at all probable.—*Traveller.*

## Fifty Years Ago.

In 1825, when the "Noctes Ambrosiana" papers were published in "Blackwood," in which all questions under heaven were introduced and discussed, that of Cruelty to Animals came briefly under notice. Christopher North and Timothy Tickler, in their dialogue, slide from pugilism to this question. Mr. Richard Martin, M. P. from Galway, had succeeded in procuring the passage of a law for the protection of dumb animals, which Mr. Mackensie, the American editor of the Noctes, informs us is in force to-day. Therefore we say, bless the memory of Richard Martin. But this is the way that North and Tickler look at the law and its author:—

"*Tickler.*—Confound all cruelty to animals! But I much question the efficacy of law to protect the inferior creation against the human. Let that protection be found in the moral indignation of the people. That Irish jackass, Martin, throws an air of ridicule over the whole matter by his insufferable idiotism. I hope to see his skull, thick as it is, cracked one these days; for that vulgar and angry gabble with which he weekly infests the police officers of the metropolis, is a greater outrage to humanity than any fifty blows ever inflicted on the snout of pig or the buttocks of beeve; blows which, in one and the same breath, the blustering and blundering blockhead would fain prosecute, punish and pardon.

*North.*—It is not possible to define cruelty to animals so as to bring it within the salutary operation of law. That being the case, there should be no law on the subject. I am an old, weak man, now, but I was once young and strong; and this fist, Timothy, now with difficulty folded into a bunch of fives—for these chalk-stones forbid—has levelled many a brute in the act of unmercifully beating his horse, his ass, or his wife. Every man ought to take the law into his own hands on such occasions. Thus only can the inferior animals walk the streets of London in any degree of security.

*Tickler.*—Pray, Mr. Richard Martin, did you ever try to drive a pig, or to keep a flock of sheep or a drove of cattle together in the midst of the riot, tumult and confusion of Smithfield? It is no such easy job, I can tell you; and nothing short of a most impudent and provoking puppy must that person be, who stops short a drover in his agonies of exasperation, for merely banging the hide of an overfed ox, about to join the colors of another regiment.

*North.*—Why don't they murder him at once.—*Noctes*, Vol. 2, p. 99.

♦♦♦  
A Sagacious Dog.

BY MRS. M. H. OLTMSTED.

Parisians who pass over the Bridge of Arts have often remarked of yore an old man, who wore this inscription on his breast: "Blind in consequence of a carriage accident." At the feet of the blind man lay a dog, a sort of mixed spaniel. He held in his teeth a wooden dish, in which were placed the contributions for the blind man. A year and half since, during the last days of the Commune, the blind man was struck by a ball and instantly killed. The dog returned to his master's home to sleep, according to custom, upon a little straw mattress laid under the garret stairs. As he troubled no one, and lived upon what he found in the street, he was not disturbed.

But the faithful spaniel did not give up his daily walk. Every morning at 9 o'clock he was seated at the corner of the Bridge of Arts in his old dumb way begging charity for the blind man, who lived no longer. The passers-by did not see the blind man, but supposing him to be ill, gave all the same. Recently, when the dog died, a large sum of money was found in the straw mattress.—*Translated from the French for "Fireside Friend."*

# Our Dumb Animals.

## Italy.

Our work is thus noticed in the "Cosmopolite," a journal published at Rome in English, German, French and Italian:—

We are much indebted to a kind friend for several interesting pamphlets, one on "The Check-Rein," by Geo. T. Angell, President of the Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It is intended to awaken attention to the improper use of check-reins, and has been distributed gratuitously to stable-keepers, teamsters, drivers and all who have to do with horses. Another is entitled, "How to Kill Animals Humanely," by D. D. Slade, M. D. Professor of Applied Zoölogy at Harvard University. This useful paper is also issued by the Mass. Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of which the writer of the treatise is one of the directors. "A Story-book about Animals" is a little pamphlet intended to interest children in animals, and make them humane towards them. It is published by the Woman's Branch of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

It is evident that universal interest has been awakened in this important subject in the United States, and we can but hope that the societies for the same object more recently established in Italy will obtain equal success and as general sympathy in their noble efforts.

[Contributed.]

## Steep Grades on Horse Railroads.

I was painfully impressed, coming up the Cambridge-street grade, on the street-cars, a day or two ago, of the severity of the strain on the horses.

There is, of course, no present remedy for this, but I feel impelled to ask if your society would suggest that during this hot weather a placard be placed in the cars, and those of the gentlemen who are willing to consider the poor horses, get out at the foot of the hill.

I should myself always do this, but doubt, if to lighten the load by one passenger, it would be best to bring the car to a halt.

If I had control of the road, the route for all passengers should terminate before ascending the hill. It would be nothing to each individual, and save that strain, so terrible to the poor horses during the heated season.

I am myself but a temporary resident of Boston, having but few acquaintances, and no influence. Therefore I address myself to you, hoping you will be able to find some remedy, and wishing you success in your noble purpose.

M.

We think an extra horse is usually kept at the foot of the hill spoken of, to assist heavily-loaded cars. If not, there ought to be, not only for the relief of the horses, but for the interest of the corporation, and the demand of public sentiment.—[Ed.]

## Dog Show at the Centennial.

A dog show during the Centennial Exposition next year will, of course, be a main feature; and our foreign visitors will look to it as a sort of school in this department of animated nature. Our Western and Southern people may teach their British cousins some new things in the canine culture. In fact, the dog has been the subject of prose and poetry, of the pencil of the painter and the chisel of the sculptor, from Walter Scott to Byron, and from Landseer to Foley. Gradually these English habits are creeping into our American civilization, and I have known men to become as excited over a good hunter, and women to fall into as many ecstasies over a beautiful poodle in Philadelphia and New York as the descendants of their more ancient ancestors in London.—J. W. Forney.

Be just to yourself as well as others. Disparagement leads to discouragement.

## The Cattle-Train.

All light or transient gloom—no hint of storm—White wreaths of foam, born in blue waters, broke Among the mountain shadows; all bespake A summer's day on Mona and the Orme.  
My open window overlook'd the rails,  
When, suddenly, a cattle-train went by,  
Rapt, in a moment, from my pitying eye,  
As from their lowing mates in Irish vales;  
*Close-pack'd and mute they stood, as close as bees,*  
*Bewilder'd with their fright and narrow room;*  
'Twas sad to see that meek-eyed hecatomb,  
So fiercely hurried past our summer seas,  
Our happy bathers, and our fresh sea-breeze,  
And hills of blooming heather, to their doom.'

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER.

## The Mission of the Fly.

Important, if True.

Why are flies? has been a perpetual query. The question has been answered by Mr. Emerson, an English chemist, whose experiments are recorded in the "Scientific American." In the light of the revelations of that gentleman's investigations, the fly assumes the position of an important friend, instead of a pest, to mankind.

Did you ever watch a fly who has just alighted after soaring about the room for some little time? He goes through a series of operations which remind you of a cat licking herself after a meal, or of a bird pluming its feathers. First, the hind feet are rubbed together, then each hind leg is passed over a wing, then the fore legs undergo a like treatment; and lastly, if you look sharp, you will see the insect carry his proboscis over his legs and about his body as far as he can reach. The minute trunk is perfectly retractile, and it terminates in two large lobes, which you can see spread out when the insects begin a meal on a lump of sugar. Now, the rubbing together of legs and wings may be a soothing operation; but for what purpose is this carefully going over the body with the trunk, especially when that organ is not fitted for licking, but simply for grasping and sucking up food.

On placing a fly under the microscope, to the investigator's disgust, it appeared covered with lice. Mr. Emerson concluded that here was something which at once required looking into. Why were the flies lousy? The fly seemed to take his position very coolly, and extending his proboscis, began to sweep it over his body as if he had just alighted. A glance through the microscope, however, showed that the operation was not one of self-beautification, for wherever the lice were, there the trunk went. The lice disappeared into the trunk, and the fly was eating them.

He took the paper into the kitchen and waved it around, taking care that no flies touched it, went back to the microscope and there found animalcules, the same as on flies. He had now arrived at something definite; the animalcules were floating in the air, and the quick motions of the flies gathered them on their bodies, and the flies then went into some quiet corner to have their dainty meal.

The investigator goes on describing how he continued the experiment in a variety of localities, and how, in dirty and bad-smelling quarters, he found the myriads of flies which existed there literally covered with animalcules, while other flies, captured in bed-rooms, or ventilated, clean apartments, were miserably lean and entirely free from their prey. Wherever filth existed, evolving germs which might generate disease, there were the flies, covering themselves with minute organisms and greedily devouring the same.

To prevent horses' feet from scaling or cracking in summer, and enabling the shoes to be carried a longer time without injury, the French practice is to coat the hoofs once a week with an ointment composed of equal proportions of soft fat, yellow wax, linseed oil, Venice turpentine and Norway tar. The wax is melted separately before mixing.

## CASES INVESTIGATED

BY OFFICE AGENTS IN AUGUST.

Whole number of complaints, 138; viz., Overworking, 4; overloading, 6; overdriving, 6; beating, 9; driving when lame and galled, 28; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 12; driving when diseased, 3; abandoning, 2; torturing, 6; cruelty in transportation, 1; general cruelty, 61.

Remedied without prosecution, 45; not substantiated, 50; not found, 7; under investigation, 2; prosecuted, 13; convicted, 10; pending, 2; warnings issued, 23. Cases pending August 1, 2; disposed of, 2; by conviction, 2.

Animals killed, 21; temporarily taken from work, 48.

\* The above prosecutions include those of two parties who were fined for drunkenness, as well as for abuse of animals.

## FINES.

Justices' Courts.—Brookfield, \$5; Woburn (2 cases), \$15.

Police Court.—Chelsea (2 cases), \$80.

District Courts.—Second Plymouth (2 cases), \$20.

Municipal Courts.—Boston (3 cases), \$50.02 (one case paid at jail); East Boston District, \$10.

Witness fees, \$15.85.

## RECEIPTS BY THE SOCIETY LAST MONTH.

[All sums of money received by the Society during the past month appear in this column, with the names, so far as known, of the persons giving or paying the same. If remittances or payments to us or our agents are not acknowledged in this column, parties will please notify the Secretary at once; in which case they will be acknowledged in the next paper. Donors are requested to send names or initials with their donations.]

## MEMBERS AND DONORS.

A Friend, \$10; A. S., \$1; James Brewer, \$5.

## SUBSCRIBERS, ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Mrs. John Neomith, John F. Woodman, George H. Combs, E. M. Grant, Mrs. R. P. Johnson, Mary E. Libby, Social Union, W. C. Swann, Caroline Moore, John F. Cook, W. R. Woodward, J. Kingman, Simpson Hart, R. W. Keep, D. Seaver, H. M. Small, T. E. O. Marvin, J. Farrington, H. N. Havens, C. Hurlburt, E. Cordis, I. Knowles, Jr., S. Jenkins, H. L. Barnard, E. Pedder, A. Peffer, T. Harding, \$2; Penn. Society, \$50.

## Millville (N. J.) Society.

Organized July 27, 1875.

President.—John H. Sixsmith. Vice-Presidents.—Hon. John L. Sharp, Dr. Wm. L. Newell, George B. Cooper, Esq. Secretary.—J. B. Rose. Treasurer.—Edward H. Stokes. Directors.—John Mickle, Peter G. Brick, George Woolford, Joseph S. Burroughs, Andrew J. Stedman, Dr. J. S. Whitecar, and John W. Hannold.

## Raising Veal for Market.

Veal is a commodity very much in request in the Paris markets, and brings a higher price than beef or mutton. But then it must be well fed. The best veal comes from Champagne, and the animals generally represent a live weight of five cwt. The veal of Champagne is famed for the perfection of fattening and the whiteness of the flesh: now, the soil of that region is poor and chalky. It is an error to believe this whiteness of flesh can be everywhere produced at will, or that feeding the calves exclusively on milk, as is practised in Champagne, will secure the same end. The whiteness is attributed to the non-succulent herbage the peculiar soil yields, tending consequently to produce but little blood. In the Causses, the soil is peculiarly favorable to the growth of sanfoin, and what is not a little singular in the character of this forage, it succeeds equally well after a short interval. In the same districts, the cows each receive a name and, answer to it at milking hours—four in the morning and five in the afternoon; in repeating the name, the calf, which is kept apart, will also present itself. Both are rewarded with a little salt. The calf, with a cord round his neck, is allowed to suckle the mother for a few moments, then it is attached short to the leg of the mother, and the milking of the latter is rapidly proceeded with.—Exchange.

In this country it is deemed necessary to bleed the calves for days before slaughtering, to make the veal white. The bleeding cannot be detected always, but a remedy can be applied by housekeepers' refusing to buy any except red veal.

ED.

ALWAYS remove the harness from the work-horses at noon, and allow them to be free from all incumbrance. It is cruel to work horses all day in heavy harness, and allow it to remain on their backs while they are eating.

# Our Dumb Animals.

## Children's Department.

### "Our Dog."

In how many homes in this and other countries is the expression "our dog" uttered, followed by some incident showing his affection or his intelligence? "Our dog" seems a little better, *to us*, than our neighbor's, though, in reality, he may be less valuable. But the love we have for him and he for us, the hourly demonstrations of regard which he manifests, endear him to us and increase our affection. A man may as well strike us as strike our dog. Many a quarrel between friends and neighbors has grown out of some cruelty to a favorite dog.

And why should we not have these feelings towards a creature that exhibits the sterling qualities found in "our dog"?

Take the dog in the picture. Can you not see intelligence, anxiety, curiosity, fidelity and good-nature depicted there? Would you ever tire of looking at this dog's face? He may not have the same expression as "our dog," but we can see in our pet similar qualities, as deserving of our admiration and regard. Well may we follow the example of our dog in many things, and should by it become better men, women, boys or girls!

### Power of Kindness.

Walking down a country lane the other morning, I heard a gentle whistle behind me, and almost simultaneously a shrill neigh burst upon my ear from the neighboring field. Turning round, I was about to retrace my steps towards a man whom I saw standing by the field gate, about a hundred yards away, and whom I presumed had given the call, when a pony dashed past me at full gallop on the opposite side of the fence towards the gate, and before I had gone many yards, was being quietly led out by the man. Feeling interested, not to say delighted, at this proof of the power of kindness—for such I had no doubt was the cause of this ready obedience—I questioned the man, who, seeing that I was interested, told me that, having been accustomed to groom and feed the animal, he was in the habit of calling it from the fields by the peculiar whistle of which I had just now seen the effect; that many others had likewise tried to call him, but always signally failed, the pony taking not the slightest heed of them. He acknowledged that it was through kindness and attention alone that this was gained. In his absence another groom having to catch the pony would attempt the call, but whistle and chirp as he would, it was no use: he was always obliged to enter the field, basket in hand, and so lure it towards the halter.—*J. A., in Animal World.*

### Pity.

Pity is the virtue of the law,  
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

### "OUR DOG."



### To Gain Love Bestow Love.

BY S. C. HALL.

It is but a dog: will you give him a blow?  
He cannot complain to your parents, you know.  
You may strike him, and kick him, and that without fear:  
There is no one to blame, for there's no one to hear.  
Is there no one? Who is it hears *you* when you cry?  
And, when sick, those who love you sit sorrowing by,  
With heart-prayer to your Maker your health to renew.  
He who made the poor dog is the God who made you.  
Think, that mercy is God's dearest gift from above,  
And be sure that the cruel can never have love:  
Take this rule as a rule that with time will not fade,  
To gain love bestow love on all God has made.

*—Animal World.*

### "Like Dog and Cat."

A friend of ours, who is fond of animals, had a fine dog and cat, which were on the very best terms with each other, and with the children. They were both most kindly treated; but, on one occasion, the cat transgressed, by helping herself to some fish, which was placed before the kitchen fire. "Discipline must be maintained," and pussy was chastised.

The dog, seeing her friend in danger and trouble, went across the kitchen to her, laid her paws round her neck, embraced her, and finally licked her all over, showing, by every means, the tenderest sympathy and affection.

### Poor Puss and Her Rescue.

A superintendent of a Sunday-school relates the following incident:

"We had all assembled to partake of our Easter feast. Just as our pastor was about to ask a blessing, we were startled by a loud scream which came from the top of the school-room. On looking up to the ceiling, we perceived that a poor cat had by some means or other got into one of the ventilators of the roof, and could not make her way out. How to release the poor thing from her prison-house was now the question. The children forgot all about their buns and oranges, in their anxiety to release poor puss. A ladder was put up to the ceiling, but there was nothing for it to rest upon except a small portion of the ventilator, which rendered it very hazardous for any one to attempt ascending it. After some time had been spent in trying to coax puss to come down the ladder by calling her, throwing pieces of a bun, etc., one fine little fellow cried, 'Let me go up the ladder.' This little 'Irish volunteer' was greeted with a hearty cheer from those present for his intrepidity. In a few moments he was up the ladder to the top rail, and after one or two unsuccessful attempts, he had the satisfaction of rescuing the poor cat from a living tomb. I need not say that after this little episode we all enjoyed our buns and oranges with greater zest, feeling conscious that one of God's creatures had been liberated from suffering by our exertions. The poor cat must have been a prisoner for not less than three days and nights without food or water."—Selected.

### Sagacity of Dogs.

Recently a gentleman connected with a machine-shop had occasion to visit a storehouse situated some distance from the main buildings of the establishment. He discovered, on searching his pocket, that he had left the door-key on a nail over his bench, and having a habit of talking to himself, spoke the fact, whereupon his dog, who was at his heels, turned and suddenly disappeared in the direction of the shop. The gentleman's curiosity was aroused, and so he sat down on the door-stone and waited with patience for the animal's return. It appears that Rover went directly to his master's bench, jumped upon it, smelled of several keys hanging on the wall, selected the right one and returned it to his master, appearing greatly pleased and apparently as anxious for praise as a boy would have been.

"On the afternoon of May-day," says Hon. A. W. Sawyer, "I was riding past the Unitarian church, where I observed a small dog near the fence. He was barking furiously. Near him lay a small boy. I thought the little fellow was dead, and my heart came into my mouth; others noticed the affair, and several persons gathered quickly. It seems that the child had fallen asleep on the lawn, and the dog had watched him until 'he thought' it was time to go home, and so took this method of apprising passers-by of the true state of affairs." Says Mr. Sawyer, "It was as pretty a picture of fidelity as I ever witnessed."

## Our Dumb Animals.

**SHOOTING OF "FIVE'S" DOG.**—On Thursday morning the dog-killer fired a ball into the body of the pet dog that has faithfully "done duty" at Engine House No. 5 for six years past. The poor animal crawled into one of the stalls in the barn of the building, and was discovered by the fireman, evidently suffering terribly. The creature died within a short time, and the "boys" talk of draping the engine-house in mourning in his honor. This dog is the last descendant of "Old Mose," who died at Engine House No. 1 about a year ago.—*Cleveland Paper.*

A Cleveland friend, in sending us the above, says:—

Here is another instance of the extreme cruelty of the present dog ordinance. Could you have seen that pet dog as I saw him two years ago, in a fireman's procession, sitting in a conspicuous place upon the steamer, as proud of his bright ribbons and his position as any one of the fine-looking body of men belonging to No. 5, you would not wonder at their draping their house in mourning for their murdered favorite. Is it not time some protection should be thrown around our dogs? Muzzled or unmuzzled, they are shot down, oftentimes to creep away and suffer horrible agonies for hours, before death relieves them. There is not an engine company in Cleveland but what would be thankful to pay a handsome sum to protect the dog belonging to their "house," but there is no license law for dogs in Cleveland. \*

### About Bees.

A lady in Providence relates the following story: Her father once brought home a molasses hogshead, to be used as a water-tank. On washing-day, her mother said, "Let us throw the suds into it, to soak the molasses from the bottom." The instant she had done so, she exclaimed, "O! I have drowned hundreds of our neighbors' bees."

The hogshead was black with bees, that were busily appropriating the sweets from what they must have considered an enormous blossom. The good lady made haste, with her skimmer, to skim the bees from the top of the water, and spread them on a board in the sunshine; but they seemed drowned and nearly dead, and she was very sorry.

All the bees that were around the hogshead had flown away at the dash of the water, but in a few minutes they returned, accompanied by scores of others. Then began a curious work. They immediately went to work upon the unfortunate bees, turning them over and over and working upon them constantly with their heads, feet, and antennae. The result of their busy labor was, that one after another gave signs of life, stretched its limbs and wings, crawled about and dried itself in the sun, and flew away. The lady said that there was half a pint, at first, and that there remained only about a dozen hopeless cases beyond the humane efforts of their brothers."—*Little Corporal.*

### Spiders.

We do not believe there is much human affection wasted upon the spider; nevertheless it is a very useful creature, and should not be despised. Its specific office is to prevent the dangerous multiplication of winged insects. Entrapping flies is its forte; and it has been remarked that "if spiders should strike, and for a single month in summer refuse to set their traps, we could hardly defend ourselves against armies of noxious insects that would take possession of our dwellings." Nevertheless there may be such a thing as too many spiders in the world—a possibility against which nature has provided. When spiders are thickest and busiest catching flies, a large, peculiar-looking fly appears upon the stage of action, and adroitly seizes the spiders wherever they are found. These spiders are stowed away in secret cells to be food for young flies. Thus there is compensation all around.

### Birds or Insects—Which?

In Longfellow's "Birds of Killingworth," it appears that the farmers came together one spring day and—

"Shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful words,  
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And so the dreadful massacre began:  
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,  
The ceaseless fusilade of terror ran.  
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breasts,  
Or wounded, crept away from sight of man,  
While the young died of famine in their nests;  
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,  
The very St. Bartholomew of birds!

The summer came, and all the birds were dead;  
The days were like hot coals; the very ground  
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed  
Myriads of caterpillars, and around  
The cultivated fields and garden-beds  
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found  
No foot to check their march, till they had made  
The land a desert without leaf or shade."

And what do you think the farmers were forced to do? The very next spring they sent to all the country round and had birds brought in cages and let loose in their fields and woods! They had learned to appreciate the birds.—*Northampton Journal.*

### Trout in an Artesian Well.

The California Petroleum Company, at San Buenaventura, lately commenced sinking an artesian well on the sea-beach, not five feet from high-water mark. At the depth of 143 feet a strong flow of water was obtained, which spouted forth to a height of 30 feet. On examination the well was found to be filled with young trout, thousands of them being thrown out at every jet. These trout were all the same size (about two inches long), and perfectly developed. The eyes were found perfect. Now there is no stream nearer than the Santa Clara River, several miles distant. Could these fish, then, it is asked, have come from its head waters by some subterranean outlet. There are no trout in the lower portions of the stream. The temperature of the well water is 64° Fahr.—*Am. Journal of Science and Art.*

### Nervous Cows.

No observing persons can have the care of a herd of cows long without noting a great difference in the character and disposition of the different animals. In fact, as Mrs. Partington observed about folks, there is as much difference in cows as there is in anybody, and the feminine peculiarities that we are apt to note in our own kind, may, many of them, be detected among the domestic animals. Some cows are so phlegmatic and good-natured that a moderate amount of ill-treatment does not seem to disturb their equanimity. Others are naturally vicious, and will kick and hook without provocation. There is another class that, while not vicious, are so nervous that they may easily be made to appear ugly, and in time become really so, in consequence of rough handling, or carelessness. It requires a considerate and good-dispositioned man to manage such cows and get along with them. They must be humored, spoken kindly to, and gently handled in milking. Swearing at them, or beating them, demoralizes them fearfully, and makes them almost useless in short time. It is often among the very best milkers and butter-makers that these nervous animals are found, and we cannot afford to have their value thus impaired. No violence should be allowed among the cows at any time, but if you should have impatient help, or are quick-tempered yourself, let some person who don't get mad so easily, milk the nervous cows.—*Exchange.*

**CHEERFULNESS** is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather to the heart. It gives harmony to the soul, and is a perpetual song without words. It enables nature to recruit its strength; whereas worry and discontent debilitate it, involving constant wear and tear.

## Stable and Farm.

### Farm Horses and Galled Horses.

Who is so fortunate as never to have been troubled with a little blister on his foot, owing to bad-fitting boots, or to the vanity of buying them a size too small? If such a happy man reads this, we trust his horses are always as well shod; but to any one who knows the pain of a raw spot, we earnestly appeal to see that the horses he employs are not suffering from wounds by a bad-fitting collar. If they should be, then let him for one moment consider the anguish the poor animal must suffer by the collar rubbing the raw and bleeding flesh every step he takes. A moment's reflection to any one with a grain of humanity will cause him at once to rest that horse until its wound is healed, and then to see that a collar that fits properly is put upon it.

A wound causes a horse to lose its good condition, and to become rapidly exhausted with work which it could otherwise easily accomplish. Therefore it is to an owner's interest to see that his horses are free from pain; but this view of the subject is from a lower stand-point than we would wish to take, and we would appeal solely on the score of humanity.

An old, worn-out horse is often put to do the heaviest work on a farm, so as to save the others; and thus, as among men, so among horses, some are born to happy lives, and others to miserable ones; but we should never forget that humane treatment is as much due by us to all the animals we employ, as the ready obedience by them that we consider due to ourselves, and which we expect them to yield us; and that as great humanity should be shown to an old horse, who has almost done his work in this world, as to a fine young one fitted to carry a soldier.

A prolific cause of sore shoulders is lending a horse to a neighbor to do draught work without sending its collar with it, as it has then to be fitted with any odd one that may be at hand. This, however, no careful farmer would ever allow to occur; and we can only hope the number of careful farmers may be largely increased.—*Animal World.*

### The Use of the Currycomb.

Most farmers (or many, and we would like to say all) keep currycombs, cards, brushes and the like in the horse barn, and use them daily, but how many cows throughout the country ever had a card or brush applied to their sides? The dairy cows come out of the stables in the spring looking more filthy than the swine in the gutter. Does it pay to keep the cattle clean? Ask any intelligent farmer if it pays to use the brush on his horses, and then ask him to point out a reason why it does not pay equally as well to give the cows the same attention and care.

[Communicated.]  
**Cleansing.**

"Our Dumb Animals" is always replete with valuable hints and suggestions concerning the care and treatment of horses; but I have looked anxiously for many months for something touching upon the above-mentioned important subject. I think I am safe in asserting that four-fifths of all male horses in this country do not receive proper care in this direction. A pail of warm water, castile soap, and a small sponge are the only requisites, although a tablespoonful of powdered borax, dissolved in the water, is a great improvement. Forceable means are sometimes required to compel the horse to submit quietly. Afterwards, give a little diuretic medicine, such as powdered saltpetre, in quantities of half an ounce every other evening, in his feed, for a week. Team and express horses that travel over dusty roads, and sweat profusely, require attention as often as once a month. All horse-owners or drivers who do not thoroughly understand what is meant, in every particular, by these suggestions, would profit by referring the subject, verbally, to a veterinary surgeon.

A. J.

## Our Dumb Animals.

### *Dramatic Sheep.*

At the request of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, a writer in the "Glasgow News" furnishes an account of the performances of some sheep which appeared in the pantomime of "Bo-Peep," at the Theatre Royal, Bradford, and at the Covent Garden Theatre, London. The writer says:—

"The lesson of it would seem to be threefold—1st, The intelligence of the sheep has hitherto been rated too low; 2d, the sheep is capable of habits of discipline to a surprising degree; and 3d, its wrongs, when its intelligent capacity is considered, are greater than is popularly supposed, and are remediable by the influence of all thoughtful persons."

The following extracts are from the account given by Charles Rice, the trainer of the sheep:

"There were eight white sheep and two black ones originally in the Bradford pantomime four seasons ago. The sheep differed in temper and docility as much as so many beings do. 'Nelly' appeared to be the eldest. In less than a fortnight's teaching she would, at the word of command, stand on her hind-legs, put her arms round my neck, and kiss me. She and 'Sambo' (the second black sheep) used to wear artificial tails—the black sheep with a white tail, and *vice versa*. In the tableau at the last scene one of them would stand up on either side of 'Little Bo-Peep,' and with their arms around her neck. The man who had charge of them used to bring them to my house every morning to let me see that they were clean and in good condition. After about the third week they understood that they were *expected*; and, although the house was in the most bustling street in the town, and two or three turnings had to be made from their stable to reach it, on his opening the stable-door they bolted out, and came of their own accord, as they did every morning after. They would come and knock, knock, knock at the front door, and if it was not opened quickly enough for them, they hurried out of the garden round the house to the back door, hammering away and bleating as loudly as possible; then rush through the kitchen into the breakfast-room, rubbing their faces against mine and my wife's, and all be fed in their turn. 'Snowdon' had a dark-brown and black piebald face, and was a most gentlemanly sheep, and my wife's especial favorite. It is impossible to describe the scorn with which he used to watch one or two of the under ones press forward; and until they were driven away, and he could approach with becoming dignity, and without being pushed, he would not advance.

"Another black one was obtained, and he took kindly to his colored friend, who, however, immediately cut the society of the whites; and when the shepherd used to walk about the streets or into the country, followed by white ones or surrounded by them, these two, with their heads close together, would follow as far off as they could keep the whites in sight.

"A neighboring hotel-keeper asked that they might visit his house one night; and while there, one of his guests gave 'Tommy Dodd,' a very eccentric sheep (indeed, the *comedian* of the company), biscuit steeped in ale—a bad beginning; for he would never pass the house again without going in and bleating loudly, as though asking for more! I fear he was often treated at that and other public-houses afterwards, for two years later his constitution was so undermined, that when he went by rail to London the journey was too much for him, and he died two days after his arrival.

"*Apropos* of poor 'Tommy Dodd,' the audience complained that the sheep were on the stage too short a time in their first scene; so about the end of the third week, four additional lines were given to 'Bo-Peep' to speak, but the sheep had learned their 'cue' to exent, so that she was compelled to rehearse with them three or four days. These lines not being in the printed books,

the audience commenced applauding the old 'cue,' but the sheep all appeared to know that they had to wait for a later 'cue,' and 'Tommy Dodd,' finding that the noise was interrupting the little girl, came deliberately from near the back of the stage to the end of the foot-lights, and stretching as far as he could over the orchestra, turned his head from side to side sedately, and set up a long loud 'Baa!' This made the audience fairly shriek with laughter, but finding that he had not silenced them yet, he walked along the front of the stage to the farther end of the foot-lights, and repeated the admonition again. Then he walked back to the flock that were all looking at him, and turning his head to the audience once more reprovingly, waited till 'Bo-Peep' finished her speech before he would exit.

"While the sheep were at a farm, one summer evening a young man, accompanied by two ladies, walked down the lane adjoining the field they were in. The gentleman had a concertina, and unwittingly struck up an air that they had been accustomed to hear. They followed to the boundary of their pasture, when, finding the music receding, they tore through the hedge, and ran after the musician, to the terror of himself and his fair companions, who, having heard probably of the foot-and-mouth disease, fled at their utmost speed, imagining that the sheep were mad!

"The succeeding Christmas there were but four of the originals left; with them their lambs and one new black sheep, and one extraordinary piebald sheep, were sent to Covent Garden Theatre. There poor 'Nelly,' who showed signs of age, at once assumed the leadership. They were put in a pen on the left side of the stage while the fairy ballet proceeded, at the end of which the door was opened, and 'Nelly' led the way up a steep flight of steps, across a narrow bridge (made of a plank) about ten or twelve feet above the floor. Under this bridge poured a very considerable torrent of real water, dashing and foaming from artificial rock to rock. From the bridge the flock descended from rock to rock, and from platform to platform, down the other side of the stage, when the (property) wolf, appearing at the far side of the bridge in pursuit of them, they took fright, and escaped by the right front corner of the view. There would be not less than from sixty to seventy persons on either side of the stage, some of whom they were caressed by, others whom they disliked; but friends or foes never made them forget their duty while 'Nelly' led them. After about fourteen or fifteen performances, the young ones had become so eager for their work that it was difficult to restrain them.

"Here comes in an incident that I should hesitate to record, were there not hundreds who witnessed it. Some of the scene-shifters and carpenters endeavored to start the others over the bridge, but none of them would ascend a single step. 'Nelly,' finding that the others had not followed her, threaded her way through all the multitude that crowded the side of the stage, went round the back of the stage, found her way through the mass of transformation scenes, properties, etc., at the back of it, passed *under* the waterfall, noisy as it was, till she reached the struggling sheep on the other side. She forced her way amongst them, and called in a low 'Baa!' to them. They instantly rallied, and she led them all safely across as usual. About a week after this the young scapegrace, 'Charlie,' the moment the door was opened, bounded over the backs of all of them (as he was generally put in the most distant corner) and led the way with a run up the steps, followed by four or five of the others, until they either discovered who they were following, or 'Nelly' called to them, when they deliberately paused and returned, until 'Nelly' was able to pass them and take the lead as usual. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales took a great interest in the sheep, and at his desire I once took them up to the ante-room of the royal box, where I told 'Nelly' to jump up and kiss me, which she did without a moment's hesitation.

### *Cruelty to Cleveland Dogs.*

I am anxious to know how long the public propose to suffer the enforcement of the present odious dog ordinance. Do they realize that in the only beautiful season of the summer, planned, one cannot help thinking, for the benefit and enjoyment of every living creature, the only animal possessing "the virtues of man without his vices," the faithful sentinel that guards with watchful eyes while the owner peacefully sleeps, that always gives warning of the approach of the ruffian or thief, whose courage is never questioned, whose love and devotion seem often more than human, and whose whole record shows unalterable fidelity, is hunted like a criminal? How long, I query, are we to permit this pet and little guardian of our houses to get a breath of fresh air only in torture or in peril? How long suffer this persecution of the helpless, worthy only of the dark ages of superstition? for the most eminent of physicians tell us we have no more to fear from hydrophobia in summer than at any other season. Need other reasons be cited for wiping out this cruel edict, than the suffering that children, and adults too, undergo, ever on the alert for the safety and life of a pet? Can one fancy a more brutal object than the dog-slayer, or a more dangerous one to pedestrians? The writer of this is not the owner of a canine; but one look at the sufferers in the "pound," where these terrified animals are confined for two days without food or drink, crowded to suffocation and then put to death, is enough to make any human being a hater of this barbarous enactment. Where is the society with the long name? Will they not enlist for the repeal of this cruel act, and gain other friends of the humane, and make a life-member of GROWLER?

—Cleveland Voice.

### *Dog-Fight in Boston!*

Scarcely a day passes but some dumb animal feels the benefit of a P. C. A. Society; but brutality seems innate in men who would knock you down if they were not called decent citizens, and much work has yet to be done to humanize humanity. A painful instance came under our eye, the other day, directly in the heart of the city, and among a class of people who should love and protect animals as they would their children. It was simply a dog-fight not a hundred miles from "Horse Chestnut" Street. One of the belligerents was a bull-dog, owned by the coachman of one of Boston's richest and most benevolent citizens; the other, a huge mongrel Newfoundland, belonged to a butcher's cart that makes weekly contributions to the support of a *clientelle* of dogs in that neighborhood. The "bull" attacked the Newfoundland. A terrible scene ensued. Before two rounds over, fifty men and boys had gathered in a ring to see "fair play"; the coachman, a great burly fellow, holding in his arms his shrieking, terrified little daughter, that she might see their dog beat! Not a single man tried to separate the brutes. Ladies saw from their windows, till they were sick and faint, this bloody and demoralizing combat, and besought in vain for some one to interfere. They were laughed at for their pains; but one brave little girl, who happened to be passing, finding no one present would help, rushed away for a policeman. It was too late. The prize bull-dog had been whipped, and the crowd, satisfied with all the blood shed, had dispersed. No doubt there are many cases just as brutal and abominable as this; but of all mean, detestable excitements deserving the punishment of the law, a dog-fight is the worst.—Exchange.

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A dog at Utica, N Y., has been trained to carry the little daughter of his owner to school on a sled made especially for the purpose. When the time for closing the school at noon and night arrives, the dog is hitched to the sled and starts alone for the school-house after his little mistress, whom he either waits for outside or meets on her way home.

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